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the remotest parts of Munster, and made his name be respected and his power feared to the very mouth of the Shannon. At last a fatal error—the only military one he was known ever to make, caused by a rivalry between him and O'Neil, about leading an onset—was his ruin. He was totally routed by Lord Mountjoy, at Kinsale—fled to Spain and died in Valladolid in the year 1602.

The only other historic recollection which we can give in this number connected with the Castle, is an account of a judicial combat which took place in the inner court in the year 1583.

Teig Mac Gilpatrick O'Connor having killed some of the followers of Connor Mac Cormack O'Connor, the one O'Connor appealed the other before the Lords Justices. Teig O'Connor pleaded that the men whom he had killed had been confederating with Cahir O'Connor, and were rebels, and said that he was ready to maintain his plea by combat. The challenge was accepted, the defendant chose the weapons, sword and target, and the next day being appointed, the Lords Justices, the Judges, and the Counsellors, all in places appointed for them, with a great concourse of military officers were present to witness the combat. The court was called, the combatants were led forward, according to custom and usage in these trials, stripped to their shirts, oaths were administered that the thought their quarrel just, and on the signal being given by the trumpet, they rushed forward, and began the combat. After a fierce struggle Mac Cormack, receiving two wounds in the leg and one in the eye, attempted to close upon Teig O'Connor, who being too strong for him, so severely punished him, (in modern phrase) or as a knight chivalric would say, pummelled him, that his helmet loosened and so cutting off his head, Teig, in triumph, presented it on the point of the sword to the Lords Justices, who immediately recorded his acquittal.

THE STOLEN SHEEP.

Our readers are all familiar with Sir Walter Scott's "Heart of Mid Lothian," and will recollect the truly touching scene where Jeanie Deans cannot and will not utter what she knows to be false, to save the life of a sister whom she loves as her own soul. It is one of the most masterly of the descriptions of the great "magician of the north," and if a single individual can read it without having every sympathy of his heart aroused, he must be dull if not dead to the finer sensibilities of the soul. But at the same time, we think the "Stolen Sheep," which appeared in the annual for last year called "Friendship's Offering," not unworthy of being placed side by side with the scene in the "Heart of Mid Lothian." There is not an Irishman, at least, who will not feel a strong desire to give the preference to this story, of which we here present an abstract.

Michael Carroll was a poor and honest peasant, whose family were visited with famine and typhus fever at a time when the wide-spread misery of the country rendered assistance from the neighbours nearly hopeless. His wife and a young child died—he himself was attacked by the disease, and on recovering, his weak state and sallow look totally prevented even the possibility of him getting employment. His old father and infant son are starving at home, in their wretched cabin—Michael, desperate, and broken down, steals a sheep, which he kills, and conceals in an out house. It was discovered—Michael was arrested—and his poor old father was taken as a witness against his son!

The assizes soon came on. Michael was arraigned; and, during his plea of "not guilty," his father appeared, unseen by him, in the gaoler's custody, at the back of the dock, or rather in an inner dock. The trial excited a keen and painful interest in the court, the bar, the jury-box, and the crowd of spectators. It was universally known that a son had stolen a sheep, partly to feed a starving father; and that out of the mouth of that father it was now sought to condemn him. "What will the old man do?" was the general question which ran through the assembly; and while few of the lower orders could contemplate the possibility of his swearing to the truth, many of their betters scarce hesitated to make for him a case of actual necessity to swear falsely.

The trial began. The first witness, the herdsman, proved the loss of the sheep, and the finding the dismembered carcass in the old barn. The policemen and steward followed to the same effect, and the latter added the allusions which he had heard the father make to the son, upon the morning of the arrest of the latter. The steward went down from the table. There was a pause, and complete silence, which the

attorney for the prosecution broke by saying to the crier, deliberately, "Call Peery Carroll."

"Here, sir," immediately answered Peery, as the gaoler led him by a side-door, out of the back dock to the table. The prisoner started round; but the new witness against him had passed for an instant into the crowd.

The next instant, old Peery was seen ascending the table, assisted by the gaoler, and by many other commiserating hands, near him. Every glance was fixed on his face. The barristers looked wistfully up from their seats round the table; the judge put a glass to his eye, and seemed to study his features attentively. Among the audience, there ran a low but expressive murmur of pity and interest.

Though much emaciated by confinement, anguish, and suspense, Peery's cheeks had a flush, and his weak blue eyes glittered. The half-gaping expression of his parched and haggard lips was miserable to see. And yet, he did not tremble much, nor appear so confounded as upon the day of his visit to the magistrate.

The moment he stood upright on the table he turned himself fully to the judge, without a glance towards the dock.

"Sit down, sit down, poor man," said the judge.

"I thanks to you, my lord, I will," answered Peery, "only, first, I'd ax you to let me kneel, for a little start;" and he accordingly did kneel, and after bowing his head, and forming the sign of the cross on his forehead, he looked up and said—"My Judge in heaven above, 'tis you I pray to keep me in my duty, afore my earthly judge, this day;—amen;"—and then repeating the sign of the cross, he seated himself.

The examination of the witness commenced, and humanely proceeded as follows—(the council for the prosecution taking no notice of the superfluity of Peery's answers.)

"Do you know Michael, or Michael, Carroll, the prisoner, at the bar?"

"Afore that night, Sir, I believe I knew him well; every thought of his mind, every bit of the heart of his body: afore that night, no living cratur could throw a word at Michael Carroll, or say he ever forgot his father's renown, or his love of his good God;—an' sure the people are after telling you by this time how it came about that night—an' you, my lord,—an' ye gentlemen,—an' all good christians that hear me;—here I am to help to hang him—my own boy, and my only one—but, for all that, gentlemen, ye ought to think of it: it was for the weenock and the old father that he done it; indeed, an' deed we had'n't a pyratee in the place; an the sickness was amongst us, a start afore; it took the wife from him, and another babby; an' id had himself down a week or so beforehand; an' all that day he was looking for work but couldn't get a hand's turn to do; an' that's the way it was; not a mouthful for me an' little Peery; an', more betoken, he grew sorry for id, in the mornin', an' promised me not to touch a scrap of what was in the barn,—ay, long afore the steward an the peelers came on us,—but was villin' to go among the neighbours an' beg our breakfast, along wid myself, sooner than touch it.

"It is my painful duty," resumed the barrister, when Peery would at length cease,—“to ask you for further information. You saw Michael Carroll in the barn that night?”

"Musha—The Lord pity him and me—I did, Sir."

"Doing what?"

"The sheep between his hands," answered Peery, dropping his head, and speaking inaudibly.

"I must still give you pain, I fear; stand up; take the crier's rod; and if you see Michael Carroll in court, lay it on his head."

"Och, musha, musha, Sir, don't ax me to do that!" pleaded Peery, rising, wringing his hands, and, for the first time, weeping—"och, don't my lord, don't, and may your own judgment be favourable, the last day."

"I am sorry to command you to do it, witness, but you must take the rod," answered the judge, bending his head close to his own notes, to hide his own tears; and at the same time many a veteran barrister rested his forehead on the table. In the body of the court were heard sobs.

"Michael, avich, Michael, a corra-ma-chree!" exclaimed Peery, when at length he took the rod, and faced round to his son,—“is id your father they make to do it, ma-bouchal."

"My father does what is right," answered Michael, in Irish. The judge immediately asked to have his words translated; and when he learned their import regarded the prisoner with satisfaction.

"We rest here," my lords, said the counsel, with the air of a man free from a painful task.

The judge instantly turned to the jury-box.

"Gentlemen of the jury. That the prisoner at the bar stole the sheep in question, there can be no shade of moral doubt. But you have a very peculiar case to consider. A son steals a sheep that his own famishing father, and his own famishing son may have food. His aged parent is compelled to give evidence against him here for the act. The old man virtuously tells the truth, and the whole truth, before you, and me. He sacrifices his natural feelings—and we have seen that they are lively—to his honesty, and to his religious sense of the sacred obligations of an oath. Gentlemen, I will pause to observe, that the old man's conduct is strikingly exemplary and even noble. It teaches all of us a lesson. Gentlemen it is not within the province of a judge to censure the rigour of the proceedings which have sent him before us. But I venture to anticipate your pleasure that, notwithstanding all the evidence given, you will be enabled to acquit that old man's son, the prisoner at the bar. I have said there cannot be the shade of a moral doubt that he has stolen the sheep, and I repeat the words. But, gentlemen, there is a legal doubt, to the full benefit of which he is entitled. The sheep has not been identified. The herdsman could not venture to identify it (and it would have been strange if he could) from the dismembered limbs found in the barn. To his mark on its skin, indeed, he might have positively spoken; but no skin has been discovered. Therefore, according to the evidence, and you have sworn to decide by that alone, the prisoner is entitled to your acquittal. Possibly, now that the prosecutor sees the case in its full bearing, he may be pleased with the result."

While the jury, in evident satisfaction, prepared to return their verdict, Michael's landlord who had but a moment before returned home, entered the court, and becoming aware of the concluding words of the judge, expressed his sorrow aloud, that the prosecution had ever been undertaken; that circumstances had kept him uninformed of it, though it had gone on in his name; and he begged leave to assure his lordship that it would be his future effort to keep Michael Carrol in his former path of honesty, by finding him honest and ample employment, and as far as in him lay, to reward the virtue of the old father.

While Peery Carrol was laughing and crying in one breath in the arms of his delivered son, a subscription, commenced by the bar, was mounting into a considerable sum for his advancement.

THE WHALE.

The great Whale which has been so long exhibiting in London has arrived in Dublin, and we present the following account of it to our readers.

This Whale, commonly called, in English, the Greenland Whale, (or *Balaena Mysticetus*, in Latin,) was found dead, floating on the coast of Belgium, at the distance of twelve miles from Ostend, on the 3rd of November 1827, by a crew of fishermen; their boat being too weak of tonnage and sail, to move such an enormous mass, hailed two other boats to their assistance, and the three together, towed the Whale on shore, and arrived in sight of Ostend Harbour at four o'clock next morning, being then high water. At the moment the Whale was just going to enter the harbour the cable with which it was fastened to the boats broke, and it was cast on the sands on the east side of the harbour. It was there that all the preparatory operations were made for the dissection of the animal.

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE DIMENSIONS OF THE WHALE:

Length of the Animal, 95 feet—Height, 18—Length of the head, 22—Height of the cranium, $4\frac{1}{2}$ —Length of the vertebral column, 69 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Number of the vertebrae, 62—Number of the ribs, 28—Length of the ribs, 9 feet—Length of the fins, 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Length of the fingers, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Width of the tail, 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Length of the tail, 3—Weight of the Animal when found, 240 tons, or 480,000lbs.—Weight of the Skeleton only, 35 tons, or 70,000lbs.—Quantity of oil extracted from the blubber, 4,000 gallons, or 40,000lbs.—Weight of the rotten flesh buried in the sand, 85 tons, or 170,000lbs.

We are sure that Mr. Pinnock will not charge us with piracy in extracting the two following paragraphs from the second number of his very excellent and useful Penny "Guide to Knowledge:"

"There are many species of whales, differing from each other in size, in power, and in habits; but they have all this

in common, that their blood is warm, that their breathings are by means of lungs, and must come to the surface to breathe, that they bring forth their young alive, and suckle them with milk. These whales are arranged into four classes:—1, Those that have no teeth in either jaw; 2, those that have teeth only in the lower jaw; 3, those that have teeth only in the upper jaw; and, 4, those that have teeth in both jaws. The toothless whales are probably the largest, next to them those with teeth below, and those with teeth in both jaws are the smallest of the tribe. In common language, the toothless whales are called "Greenland whales," or "whale-bone whales," or "oil whales." They get the first of these appellations from the part of the world in which they are caught, the second from the plates in their mouths by means of which they catch their food; and the third from the consistency of their fat, which boils into a liquid oil. All the whales when in good condition, are covered with a copious layer of fat all over their bodies. The fat answers two very important purposes in the economy of their natures; it helps to preserve the uniformity of the heat, and it enables them to perform their rapid motions through the water. The whales that have teeth in their lower jaw, are called "spermaceti whales," because their fat consists more of stearine, or of the crystallizable part of the fat, than of the oil. All animal fat contains stearine; but in the fat of the common whale, the quantity is so small, that the oil holds it in the liquid state. Stearine may be melted into oil, and into a much purer oil than that which is obtained from the common whale by simple boiling. The latter contains a quantity of membrane, or the substance (or skin) of the cells in which the fat is contained; and that putrefies and gives an offensive smell to the oil. Fats which contain the greatest quantity of stearine are the best adapted for making candles. Of the fat of domestic animals, that of the sheep is the best; and in common temperatures, the fat of a hog cannot be made into candles. Lighting the streets with gas, obtained from coal, has very much lessened the demand for the oil obtained from whales; and the discovery was a valuable one, as whales are not now so abundant, or of so large a size as they were formerly.

In the early days of the Greenland fishery, whales of from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty feet in length were met with; but now it is rare to meet with one seventy feet long, or exceeding half the length of those giants of the earlier ages. The bodies of similar animals are as the cubes of their lengths; and thus the old whales were eight times as large as those now met with. The quantity of fat is in proportion to the size of the whale; and a modern one is worth £1000, so that one of the old ones would have now been worth £8000, which greatly exceeds that of any land animal.

VINEGAR AND GOOSE.

Dr. Lenigar, a titular archbishop, a man of very lively parts, happened in a mixed company to be introduced to a Mr. Swan, a gentleman of a cynical turn, whose practice it was to attempt to raise a laugh at the expense of some of the company. They sat near each other at table, where the doctor engaged general attention by his sprightly manner. Mr. Swan to silence him, said "Dr.—, I forget your name." "Lenigar, Sir," returned the doctor. "I ask your pardon," replied Swan, "I have the misfortune scarcely ever to recollect names; you'll not be offended, therefore, if, in the course of conversation, I call you Dr. Vinegar?" "Oh! not at all Sir," returned the doctor, "I have the very same defect; and it is very probable, though I now name you Swan, I may by and bye call you Goose!"

It is with no little pleasure and pride we inform our readers that George Petrie, Esq. R.H.A. will regularly supply us with drawings and descriptions, and that thus we expect our future numbers to be enriched with much that is interesting and singular in Irish antiquities and scenery.

DUBLIN:

Printed and Published by JOHN S. FOLDS, 5, Bachelor's Walk.
Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.

In Liverpool by Willmer and Smith; in Manchester by Wheeler;
in Birmingham by Drake; in Nottingham by Wright;
in Edinburgh by R. Grant and Son; in Glasgow
by John Niven, and in London by Joseph Robins, Fleet-street